

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"  
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# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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### MACHINE POETRY.

Mr. S. Nichols, editor of the N. Y. Sunday Mercury, is unequalled by any one of the present age in his peculiar style. Some time since he announced, through the columns of the Mercury, the invention of a *Machine*, to manufacture Poetry, adapted to any metre or any subject. The machine, it appears, is set in motion by a crank turned by a negro boy. The following is a mere sample of what the machine can do when in order:

### EXPERIMENTAL STANZA.

Forever set O Sun! and thou, O Moon!  
Behind you darkness cloud thy face conceal!  
Ye Zephyrs, too, that fan the brow of noon,  
Back to your mountain homes, O quickly steal!  
Retire sweet Venus—lovely maid of eve—  
Unto thy lovely couch, and rise no more!  
And Flora, thou thy garland cease to weave!  
For all my hopes of joy and bliss are o'er!  
Tripos's false! Hear it, ye gods, and weep!  
O, drown my cries in eternal sleep!  
Aloud I call on Death to call on me,  
And set the soul from all his tortures free!  
Saw off my leg! or pluck out either eye!  
Tread on my favorite corn!—but let me die!

Too slow and melancholy, altogether, Bill,  
Just set the cylinder to a shorter measure, and apply more physical steam. Now, go fit.

### Of all the sweets

A body meets,  
Molasses is the sweetest;  
Of all that's neat  
In Orange streets,  
Dead cats are 'bout the neatest.

Of all birds fair  
That fly the air,  
The bat is far the fairest,  
Of all that's rare  
I do declare,  
Good claret is the rarest.

Of all things lean,  
I humbly ween,  
A lizard is the leanest;  
Of all things mean  
I've ever seen,  
A miser is the meanest.

Of all things small  
That creep or crawl,  
A mite is much the smallest;  
Of all that's tall  
Upon this ball,  
A southern quack is o' the tallest.

Hold on! Hold on! You colored mass of mischief, Here's a pretty kettle of fish! I expected you'd make a flunx before you got through with it.

"Look abra, boss, let me splain de cause ob dis discombolation. You see dis main spring ob de imagination, own to de velocity ob de ideal wheela come in conjunctional collision wial de genus pin, which suddenly fly out and zap de fine wires ob de fancy; den de whole machine got out of gear, and de berry child to pay wid de last stamen ob your suffusion."

Very satisfactorily explained, Bill—but if you are not more careful another time, I'll turn the crank myself. Remember, I've a reputation to sustain.

### MARY.

Is thy name MARY, maiden fair?  
Such should, methinks, music be;  
The sweetest name that mortals bear  
Is but before thee.  
And she, to whom it once was given,  
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

NAPOLEON'S BULLETINS.—The following impromptu was published in an English paper about the year 1803, immediately after receiving a packet of bulletins from Napoleon:

"We thank you for yater bulletins,  
Great Emperor, King and all,  
And hope you soon may have from us  
A bullet in your self."

The anecdote of the two cats which has been told of many learned men, originated with Dr. Barrett, Provost of Dublin University, and one of Curran's contemporaries. His only pets were a cat and kitten, and his progeny. A friend seeing two holes in the bottom of the door, asked him for what purpose he made them there.—Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out.

"Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?"

"You silly man," said the doctor, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?"

"But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?"

"Egad," said Barrett, "and so she could, but I never thought of that."

CLOSE SHAVING.—A justice of peace was called on for the payment of a bill of 75 cents. Upon presenting the bill, the squire asked him if he would swear to the account. The man replied "yes." The squire swore him, and handed him fifty cents. "Stop squire," said the man, "you are mistaken in the amount; 'tis 75 cents." "I know," returned the squire. "But I can't swear you for nothing."

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "Yes, (the gentleman holding his hands over his ears).—I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it still."

From the London Monthly Chronicle for Sept. J. J. AUDUBON.

### THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGIST.

AUDUBON is at home in his own majestic region of primitive forests, and foaming rivers, and giant mountains. Great in the unstained simplicity of his nature, he stands alone among naturalists. He has accomplished an action more than was ever dreamed of by the elegant Buffon or the romantic Waterton. He has science and poetry into one magnificent whole, and produced, in his "Birds of America," a work that must remain to the end of time a monument of unexampled perseverance, worthy of an ardent lover of Nature. It is the only work that represents birds as they are, presenting, in a single view, their forms, their habits, and their climates. All other works take single phases, and at best are nothing better than illustrative memoirs; but here is the bird in all its ways of life—in pursuit of its prey, if it be voracious, or flying from pursuit, according to its nature—building its nest, fostering its young, poised on the tip of a spray, hovering over the sedgy margin of a lake, cowering in a fen, or sailing in the clouds—we have it in all its characteristic objects—in love, in contest, from the shell to the museum. This is the ideal of high art, carrying us out of the descriptive catalogue into the green woods, and giving us the whole history of these races in a single TABLEAU.

Audubon is exactly the sort of man in whom this true love of Nature might be expected to be predominant over all other objects. He spent a princely fortune on that magnificent work; and, to the eternal disgrace of England, we believe his subscribers in this country were not sufficient to pay the expenses of one of his numerous journeys into the far West in search of specimens. But the courtesy with which he was showered upon him from the highest quarters—the wonder, and curiosity, and admiration his labors excited—these were the rewards which the living Audubon enjoyed, to be eclipsed, no doubt, by marble tributes and literary memorials, when he shall be called into another state of existence—a translation which, we trust, may be far distant. How intensely Audubon despised all this ceremonial flattery and hollow protestation! With what inborn pride of heart he looked down upon the empty gorgeousness of our artificial society! His life had been a life of energy passed in the forests and on the broad lakes; he had communed with Nature in her grandest solitudes, and he sickened at the effeminate pomp and pampered selfishness of the old world. There never breathed a finer spirit. Cast in a manly mould, fitted for toil, stamped with the noble attributes of courage, patience, and hearty enthusiasm, no dangers appalled, no disappointments discouraged him; and whatever enterprises he undertook in the pursuit of his favorite science were prosecuted with a vigor which can be intelligible only to natures of a similar integrity of purpose. His "Ornithological Biography" is a monument of extraordinary labor.

The vastness of the design startled every body except himself; and the very apprehension that he should not live long enough to complete so gigantic an undertaking repelled many people from venturing even to purchase the numbers as they appeared, lest an imperfect publication of such magnitude should be ultimately left upon their hands. When he delivered his first drawings to the engraver he had not a single subscriber. His friends pointed out to him the rashness of the project, and candidly told him that they did not expect to witness the issue of a second fasciculus. Even at starting he calculated that the engravers would take sixteen years in accomplishing their task. Not one single individual held out the least hope of his success, and many sincere and anxious friends strongly urged him to abandon his undertaking, to dispose of his drawings, and to return to his native country. "But," he exclaims, "my heart was nerve, and my reliance on that Power, on whom all must depend, brought bright anticipations of success!" Having completed his arrangement for meeting the first difficulties, he began to collect scattered notes from the pages of his journals respecting the habits of the birds, and assiduously devoted himself to the improvement of his drawings. He had the satisfaction of finding that each succeeding plate was superior to its predecessor; the engravers and colorists became more familiar with the peculiar demands of their responsible duties; and at the end of four years, during which he worked early and late without respite, and against incredible discouragements, he was rewarded by finding the first volume completed. He now labored with renewed zeal, and looked forward confidently to the result of the next four years. Time passed on, and he returned from the forests and wilds of the Western world to receive the last plate of his second volume from the hands of his indefatigable and skilful artist, Mr. Havell. Let us now give his own account of an incident that occurred at this period.

"About that time a nobleman called upon me with his family, and requested me to show them some of my original drawings, which I did with the more pleasure that my visitors possessed a knowledge of ornithology. In the course of our conversation I was asked how long it might be until my work should be finished. When I mentioned eight years more, the nobleman shrugged up his shoulders, and, sighing said, 'I may not see it finished, but my children will, and you may please to add my name to the list of subscribers.' The young people exhibited a mingled expression of joy and sorrow, and when I with them endeavored to dispel the cloud that seemed to hang over their father's mind, he smiled and bade me be sure that the whole work should be punctually delivered. The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days; I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but at length I exclaimed, 'My sons may.' And now that another volume of my illustrations and of my biographies, is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but hope that myself and my family together may see the completion of my labors.

When this was written ten years had elapsed since the publication of his first plate. In three years afterwards the fourth volume appeared. The work comprised four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, the size of life, exhibiting, as we have already observed, the habits and climates of the birds, carefully drawn and exquisitely colored after nature. And this great undertaking, occupying about thirteen years in the production—not to speak of the labor expended in exploring expeditions for observations and the collection of specimens, every bird in the series having been drawn from life by the hand of the adventurous naturalist—was carried on uninterruptedly, without the continuity of its execution being broken for a single day, every one of the numbers having been delivered with exemplary regularity! A fifth volume completed the Biography; and well might Audubon proudly felicitate himself upon the conclusion of a marvelous task, which the most indifferent of his readers cannot contemplate without mingled emotions of astonishment and delight. "Once more," he says, speaking out of the depths of his heart, "surrounded by the members of my dear family, enjoying the countenance of numerous friends who have never deserted me, and possessing a competent share of all that can render life agreeable, I look up with gratitude to the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy!"

Honor to him who wrote these grateful words, and may the happiness he so well deserves, and knows so truly how to appreciate, accumulate around him, and accompany him with increasing lustre to the close of his valuable life! But little can the European student, bewildered with small impediments in the museum comprehend the nature of Audubon's researches. Alone he went forth into wilds, as cheerful as the birds, and, with the snows of sixty years upon his head, as elastic as the deer, but let him give a sample of his experience in his own fresh and characteristic way:

"The adventures and vicissitudes, that have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure that though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images. Nay, reader, had I a new lease of life presented to me, I should choose for it the very occupations in which I have been engaged.

"And, reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, atoned at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the West, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and re-invigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firolock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and recommences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout affords him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland thicket there again burst forth into song, and he starts anew, to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches,

and the birds are seen betaking themselves to their retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and as the wigwag or the blue-winged seal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey, or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene; his repast is finished, and kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and closing his eyes, soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions."

Mark the profound spirit of love that pervades this beautiful picture; and how the woodsman, after the fatigues of the day, kneels in the darkness of the forest, far away from the haunts of man, to thank his God for the protection that has conducted him in safety through the perils of his enterprise—And how much more touching and picturesque is all this, than the most labored artifices of poetry, which, dealing with conjectural images, endeavors to supply by the force of invention all that vivid train of associations which men like Audubon realize, and present to us in the permanent colors of unembellished truth. A thousand passages might be cited from the Biography in illustration of the vigorous fidelity with which he delineates the actual scenes through which he passed. Such episodes in his descriptive pages are perfect of their kind, and were never surpassed for homely simplicity and natural eloquence.

### From the Balt. American.

### Revolutionary History.

The seventh Lecture of the highly interesting course, recently delivered before the New York Historical Society, by the Rev. Mr. SPARKS, was on the subject of the Treaty of Alliance between France and the United States. The following sketch of the leading facts adverted to by the learned and able lecturer will, we are sure, be read with interest:

The United States in her attempt to throw off the yoke of tyranny, was aided by France, which at once became a subject of much discussion throughout all Europe. The French people were, at this time, divided into two parties, that is to say—the war party and the peace party. At the time the American troubles commenced, a treaty of peace existed between France and Great Britain, which had been made at the close of the old French war. By this war France lost her possessions in Canada, exhausted her funds, and reduced her marine to almost nothing; all of which made it obligatory upon her to remain at peace. Intoxicated with the accomplishment of all this, Great Britain had demanded terms highly disadvantageous to France, to all of which she was obliged to accede. Great Britain wished to humble and reduce the French, and to procure indemnity for the expense she had incurred in the war. Naturally sensitive, and at all times jealous of the honor of her nation, every truehearted Frenchman felt indignant, and desirous for an opportunity of retaliation. The boundaries by the treaty between the English and French possessions on this continent were not clearly defined, and this led to constant difficulties, and was a cause of frequent quarrel.

Besides this, the English were opposed to an increase of the French marine, and notwithstanding the treaty of peace which existed between the two nations, the British seized a large number of vessels. An entire fleet while on its way to the West Indies, was taken possession of by this grasping power. No less than three hundred vessels were seized, besides a great number of men. The French nation regarded these acts as an outrage upon them, and in violation of all their solemn treaties; but such was then their crippled condition, that they were compelled to submit. The day of retribution, however, soon arrived. The American Revolution began, and thus a chance of retaliation was offered to France. Although there were two parties in France in regard to an open declaration of war with Great Britain, all were united as to the expediency of lending secret assistance to the American insurgents, as they were called, and to endeavor by every possible means to foment the quarrel between the Colonies and the mother country. This course they justified by a reference to the same course of con-

duct pursued by England herself, and indeed, among almost all nations.

Now that the French had disposed of their scruples, in the year 1776 the French authorities began to put their designs into execution. In the first place they gave to their merchantmen the privilege of carrying out whatever supplies were wanted by the American army. Through the fear of exciting suspicion, inasmuch as it was impolitic for the French Government openly to recognize these shipments, a mercantile house was established by M. Beaumarchais, who shipped cannon, fire-arms, ammunition and supplies to the Colonies as a merchant, the vessels professedly clearing for the West Indies. He was soon joined by Silas Dean, who, though not received in Court, was secretly countenanced in his designs. Through his spies the British Ambassador was informed of what was passing, and immediately remonstrated with the French Government; and in consequence the supplies for the American Colonies were sometimes withheld.

Whilst this system was progressing, and about a year after its commencement, the Declaration of Independence was issued, which instantly put the Americans on a new footing with foreign powers. France was now ready to take the fact of Colonial Independence for granted. As we have already stated at the commencement of this article, France was divided into two parties—a war party—and a peace party. The latter entertained fears that they could not place dependence in the American colonies, and were therefore unwilling to run the risk of collision with their formidable neighbor. The greatest champion of the war party was COUNT VERGENNES. Mr. SPARKS read a secret State paper drawn up by the Count, which he obtained in Paris, and which had never yet been published.

The paper treated at length on the general policy of Great Britain, and her jealousy of France. Her constant maxim, said the paper, is to make war with France whenever she attempts to increase her maritime strength, or to increase her importance by sea or land. It goes on to speak in the most bitter terms of the various acts of aggression on France by the English, and the injuries received at her hands for a long series of years. It argued that if Great Britain should not succeed in reducing her American colonies to submission, and the colonies should at length achieve independence from her power, it was not unreasonable to suppose that England would seek to indemnify herself for her losses by reprisals on other nations, most probably Spain or France.

The paper concludes by speaking of the advantages which would result to France in the way of commerce by a treaty between her and the United States, if the latter should succeed in throwing off the British yoke, and France would thereby be enabled to humble her ancient foe, and obtain satisfaction for many old grievances.

The design of the French Ministry was, first, by their co-operation with the Americans, to weaken England by the dismemberment of her colonies, and secondly, to secure to themselves the advantages which would result from the trade of the Colonies. The King of France was at this time one of the peace party.

The American Congress, acquainted with the state of feeling in France, and the sympathies of many of her leading men in their cause, determined on an alliance; to effect which three commissioners, FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN and JEFFERSON were appointed to treat with the French Government on the subject. Jefferson, for some private reason, declined serving, and Richard Henry Lee was appointed in his place. The arrival of Franklin in Paris created a great sensation. His fame had extended throughout Europe. His discoveries in electricity had made him known to all men of science, and the shrewd maxims of Poor Richard had been widely diffused. His conduct, too, at the British Court, though subjected to the continued insults of the missions of power, had added greatly to his reputation; and he was received at Paris as a man not less distinguished as a philosopher and a philanthropist than as a profound and patriotic statesman. Mr. SPARKS spoke in the highest terms of the regard and respect manifested towards him by all classes, and quoted the remark of an eminent Frenchman, that nothing, not even fleets or armies, could be refused to the compatriots of Franklin.

In consequence of the unfortunate condition of affairs at that time in America, the commissioners did not at first succeed in their mission. The supplies by means of their vessels were still continued, and private audiences were kept up by the Ministry and Commissioners. So soon, however, as intelligence of Burgoyne's surrender, the conduct of Washington, and an account of the brave and spirited energy of the American Army and Congress, reached Paris, matters assumed quite a different aspect; which the Commissioners were not backward in turning to the best advantage. The doubting portion of the French Cabinet were brought over to the warlike opinions of the Court. VERGENNES, and the American Commissioners were informed that France was ready to treat with them on the conditions of a treaty of alliance. At the first interview, held at Versailles, the Commissioners were told that France did not desire the formation of a temporary treaty, or for purposes which only looked for a transient assistance to the American cause, but an alliance which should result in mutual and lasting benefit, and which should effectually cement the two nations forever.

France at this time was in close alliance with Spain and it was necessary to obtain the consent of the latter before any definite arrangement could be made.—Spain however, refused to have any voice in the matter: upon which a treaty of amity and alliance was formed between France and the United States, by which France recognized the independence of the United States, and pledged its assistance through the struggle in which the latter was engaged. This treaty, as well as the treaty of amity and commerce, was on an exact system of reciprocity. Each was to support the other in whatever wars might grow out of their connection, and neither was to lay down arms without the consent of the other, or until the ends of each other were fully obtained. The treaty was signed in Paris on the 6th of February. The treaty was at first kept secret, in order to give notice to the French vessels in distant ports, and prevent their seizure by the English cruisers. In March notice of the treaty was formally given to the British Minister at Paris.

The Commissioners despatched special messengers to the United States with the information, which was received with the most tumultuous joy. Praises of the French people and of the French king filled the land; and WASHINGTON, who was then with his army at Valley Forge, ordered a day of special thanksgiving.

After the treaty had been generally made known, the Commissioners made their first public appearance at the Court of Versailles. Mr. SPARKS here related a very amusing anecdote of FRANKLIN. As the independence of America had not been achieved, her Plenipotentiary was not recognized by the ambassadors of the foreign powers at Court in their official intercourse. The Russian ambassador, on his arrival at Paris, issued his card to the other ministers resident at that Court, and among the rest a card was accidentally left for Franklin. This was something new to him, and he inquired of a friend what etiquette required on the occasion. He was told that it was only necessary to stop at the house and enter his name upon the porter's book. This was done, and the next day the Russian minister called upon Franklin and assured him it was all a mistake in leaving the card. Franklin replied that no apology was necessary; that his name had been done. But in order to remove all difficulty the minister had only to erase Franklin's name from his porter's book, and he would burn his card.

The lecturer concluded his masterly effort with an eloquent tribute to the conduct and good faith of France. He had been privileged, while residing in Paris, to examine all the archives and correspondence of the government upon the subject, and he felt free to say that no nation had ever more scrupulously fulfilled its engagements than France with the United States. All who will institute a strict inquiry into the matter, will be convinced, he said that France acted with no sinister of hidden design.

"Keep out of bad company, for the children is that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody."